

The Tragedie

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of these wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,
Qu. Be brieft, lest that the proceffe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter.
Q. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue I do thanke thee for it.
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who dost thou meane shall be her king?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canst thou wooe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steeped in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle Clarence,

of Richard the

You haue no cause to hold my fri
I neuer was nor neuer will be false
Kin. Well, go muster men: but
Your sonne George Stanlie, look
Or else, his heads assurance is but
Dar. So deale with him, as I pr
Enter a Messenger
Mes. My Gracious soueraigne
As I by friends am well aduertised
Sir William Courtney, and the ha
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there
With many more confederates, are
Enter another Messenger
Mes. My liege, in Kent the Gui
And every houre more competitor
Flooke to their ayde, and still thei
Enter another Messenger
Mes. My Lord, the armie of the
King. Out on you owles, noth
Take that vntill thou bring me be
Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the
My newes is, that by sudden flood
The Duke of Buckingham's armie
And he himselfe fled no man kno
King. O I cry you mercie, I di
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow
Hath any well aduised friend giuen
Rewards for him that brings in Bu
Mes. Such proclomatio hath
Enter another Messenger
Mes. Sir Thomas Louell and L
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes
Yet this good comfort bring I to
The Brittain Navie is disperst, Ric
Sent out a boate to aske them on
If they were his assistants yea, or no
Who answered him they came fro
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting th
Hoist saile, and made away for Brit

Her